

## TROOPS ABOUND.

## SO REPORTS AN AMERICAN OBSERVER IN MACEDONIA.

What He Saw in and Around the Town of Prelop—The Turkish Regulars and the Bashibazouks—A Jumble of Races and a Writer of Anarchy—The Bulgarians' Serbian Brother—The Many Greeks and the Indian-Like Albanians.

The military condition of Macedonia is an epitome of the state of European Turkey. Troops, troops, troops everywhere! Turks, Albanians, Kurds—all kinds! Infantry, cavalry and artillery! Soldiers and civilians striving to outnumber one another! All bristling with arms, with the exception of the Bulgarians, who carry their concealed. If ever a region looked warlike this theater of European contention does. I learn from one of the newspapers which has slipped through the censorship into this wild district that martial law has been declared at Prelop. Martial law! If any law exists anywhere in Macedonia, martial is a euphemism for it.

I rode into the little town of Prelop on horseback in the center of a bodyguard of twenty men. They dismounted and walked with me to my room in a Turkish bun. I went out for a walk with my dragoman after washing. The troops preceded and followed us. At dark we were informed that we could be out no longer. A sentinel guarded our door all night and another the stairs leading up from the stable below. The meaning of it was that Prelop was the center of a district where Albanians, Turks and Bulgarians were in nearly equal numbers. An Albanian or a Turk in an evil mood might level his gun at us, or even a Bulgarian might do it in the hope of drawing a foreign nation into Balkan affairs.

We rode out of the town the next morning with a foot soldier on each side of our horses, two gendarmes ahead and two behind us. At the edge of the town stood military barracks, larger than could be found in any American city of 500,000 population; but tents were pitched on all sides to accommodate the overflow. There we took an escort of a score. The road led along the side of a mountain stream that had cut its way between two ridges—a fine place for an ambushade; and from the crests of the mountains on either hand fierce heads peered down at us and silently assured us that the road was overlooked for miles ahead. Studded over the steep slopes, wherever a great boulder protruded far enough for a rooting, armed Turks were suspended between us and the clouds, which the mountains often pierced.

Such is the condition of Macedonia off the railroad lines, not only in the Prelop district, but in every province. The railroad lines are a sight. At the station troops, troops, troops. You pass through a file of them to the officer who examines your tickets, without which you cannot move a mile anywhere. You march out to your hotel, followed by soldiers, if, as a newspaper correspondent, you happen to incur suspicion as a spy. Patrols tramp up and down the crossroads from section to section. Soldiers stand sentry within earshot of one another.

On much of the railroad line block-houses are constructed; in some sections similar structures are building, and on the remainder tents are pitched and temporary brush huts are raised. The flagman carries his weapon and has his military escort. Troop trains are twice as frequent as other trains, and behind every freight or passenger train trail several cars filled with new recruits or seasoned reinforcements. In the towns soldiers are stationed every fifty yards; at night they are massed more closely. Patrols parade continually. Every day regiments march through the streets, with bands playing and colors flying. The border is now impassable except in a few places, which, from natural environment, can never be closed. It is said that from 80,000 to 100,000 troops are in Macedonia. The figures, like all those which one obtains in the Orient, may be untrustworthy, but at least I have seen the conditions which I am describing.

In addition to the regular troops there are the bashibazouks—a term embracing all who take up arms against the Christian population—and they are an important reserve whenever a fight takes place. Constantinople is not a typically Turkish town, but those who have been there have seen and heard at the cry of fire the human fiends known as the volunteers. Half aroused, they run toward the fire in hot haste till their tongues hang out, and they keep up all the while a hideous screaming. The regular fire department walks to the scene of disturbance. There is no conveyance to carry the firemen, and nothing will be gained if the pump be at the fire before the men. The bands of volunteers, formed in the vicinity of this or that mosque, fight among themselves. If one band gets to the fire before the others the members fight with one another for the possession of the choicest articles of the plunder. When the fire department proper arrives the volunteers are driven off with clubs like ravenous wolves from a carcass. By that time, with good luck, the fire is out.

It is well Constantinople is built of adobe and rock brick. The bashibazouks are like the voluntary firemen, only more barbarous and rapacious. Try to imagine what the bashibazouks are when turned loose upon the infidel in a country where the regular soldier is so faithful to Allah, that he serves the sultan, the vice-regent on earth, without a penny of pay for years, and rejoices in the prospect of death for a sacred cause! They hasten to the aid of the regular troops whenever there is a fight. They are demoralized in their zeal. They leave whatever they are doing

and rush to the scene of action, where they can slaughter Christian "infidels" and take whatever they can pillage.

The Bulgarians cannot go about armed, but in a village occupied by that race no Turkish troops ever remain overnight unless their strength is overwhelming. I asked the inspector general whether it was fair to prohibit one people from carrying guns and not another. He replied that the Bulgarians were the disturbing element, and that as soon as they were disarmed the same work would be begun with Turks and Albanians. This would be utterly impracticable. The races in Macedonia may be subjugated, but they can never be disarmed. The Macedonian Bulgarians assert that they will prolong this state of anarchy and hopelessness until power is taken from the Turks. Who can venture to say how long either Turk or Bulgarian can hold out?

The unpaid Turkish soldier exists on what he exacts. The spy is the only man in the service who draws regular wages. The sultan would probably pay his soldiers if there were any assurance that the money would reach them from the treasury. The minister of war, on the pretense of saving coal, some time ago sold the machinery out of many of the ships of the sultan's navy. The idle hulks lie anchored in the Bosphorus, but are still manned by sailors who keep the day through. The money received for the machinery is said to have stopped at the war office. If the story be true, the chances in the war office are dangerous and inconvenient. After all, the main function of the minister of war is to prevent, at all hazards, the assassination of the sultan. No public works go on in Turkey. What would be the sense of setting aside money for them? The money would go, but the work would not go on. The army is unpaid, but it has ways of making a living. The soldier preys on the people. The task of conversion is everywhere. The officers of the law sell a year's freedom from jail at the price of a lira and grant private titles to public lands from which the peasants cut their winter's wood. They farm out the right to collect taxes. They sell the privilege of taking 10 per cent. if that can be extracted from the inhabitants, or even 50 per cent. if they will pay so much. In one place, a race district, 50 per cent. of the season's harvest is taken by the title purchaser.

Arms are not allowed to be brought into Turkey, but boxes of them pass through the custom house unexamined when the officer's palm is greased. "Bakshish" is the conjuring word in Turkey. I went while I was in Constantinople to interview the minister of the interior. There was a line of men at his door as I retired. All held out their hands and whispered "Bakshish." My dragoman informed me that the minister would never be in his office again unless I tipped every one of them.

There is a medley of race interests in Macedonia. The small races such as the Valagues, Rumanians and other remnants scattered over the country may be left out of account, for their influence is considerable. The Turks, while the ruling race, do not form even one-sixth of the population of Macedonia, and they excel in ignorance. The Bulgarians are by far the most numerous race, and they excite the animosity and jealousy not only of the Turks, but also of the Serbians, Greeks and Albanians. The Austrians are conducting from Novi Bazar active propaganda among the Albanians to win their friendship, and are operating to a considerable extent through the Roman Catholic church. The Serbians are at work in the same way among the Bulgarians and other races. Macedonia is a realm of racial propaganda, easy conversions of faith and rapid transfers of nationality. American missionaries tell me that people are constantly coming to them and asking how much money they will receive if they agree to become Protestants. Some of these volunteers for the Protestant cause have already been Roman Catholics, and possibly for mercenary reasons. I asked a man in the Metrovitz district to what race he belonged.

"I am a Bulgarian," he replied, "but my brother is a Serbian."

"How is that?" I inquired.

"He got a lira for becoming one."

The Serbians know that their fate will be sealed if Macedonia be annexed to Bulgaria. The private secretary of the king of Serbia made this admission frankly when I talked with him in Belgrade. The Serbians will be hemmed in and isolated forever if Macedonia becomes a Bulgarian possession. They are not in sympathy with the Bulgarian movement. Where interest is, there will be sympathy. The Greeks do not love the Turks, for they are not yet free from the reproach of defeat at the hands of the sultan's men. They hate the Turks less than they do the Bulgarians. They know that the Turks, although other nations may prevent Russia from driving the sultan out of Europe for years or generations, can never make another aggressive movement, but must remain on the defensive. With Macedonia controlled by the Bulgarians the Greeks cannot hope to have great power. Naturally they are hostile to the Bulgarians.

The Greeks boast to having the highest intelligence among the races in Macedonia. In Salonica and the larger towns they are the best people. The American consul holds the highest position in local society. He is a man of means and influence, and a Greek by birth. Over his beautiful home, which is on the waterfront looking directly toward Mount Olympus, floats the American flag. A Greek by birth and an American official by profession, he is a Russian subject for the sake of having adequate protection. The Greeks in the Macedonian villages do not know even their own great history. That may be for the best, for those who are familiar with it live on past glory. The Greek politicians are always making long, eloquent speeches, as did their statesmen of old, but they have lost the inspiration of great themes. An American missionary told me that when he first approached the shores of that country with a glorious past he asked the captain of his ship what were the swarms of filthy, crazed creatures scrambling over the side from small boats loaded with all sorts of sea produce and filling the air with stench and vile screeches. "I felt like striking the man down," said the missionary, "when he told me that they were Greeks, but I soon learned the depth to which that once great people had fallen." These were, however, Greeks of the baser sort.

The Albanians remind me considerably of the American Indian; not in type

or color, for they are a white race, but in habits. Their country is western Macedonia, from Greece to Montenegro. They live in tribes or clans, each with its own chief. They are subjects of the sultan only in name. No European can traverse their country unless he pays a chief well for the privilege. He will then be secure against molestation. The Albanians have the Turk's suspicious nature. Any man who enters their country is supposed to be a spy, seeking information for aggressors bent upon depriving them of their liberty. They considered the Russian consul at Metrovitz an enemy for coming so near to their country, and assassinated him. They have the same marauding instincts that the American Indian once had, and the same nomadic tendencies. They like to wander over the lands of peaceful people and prey upon them. The spring and autumn migrations of these people across Macedonia strike terror into the hearts of country folk outside the large towns. The Albanian is never without his weapons. He fights with his sword between his teeth, so as to have it handy when his last bullet is spent or in case he misses his adversary and has no time to reload for the other's onslaught. The Albanian is the terror not only of the Christians, but of the Turks.

The sultan recruits much of his army for service in Macedonia from these wild people. They not only do their work well in the slaughter of Christians, but they terrorize their own officers. The sultan's bodyguard is composed of Albanians. If he should disperse with them or offend their people his ministers would not know which way to turn.—Cakub Letter to the New York Tribune.

## THREE WAYS OF SHIP CHRISTENING.

Rear-Admiral Bowles, chief constructor of the navy, who was an interested spectator at the recent launch of the armored cruiser Colorado at Philadelphia, has made some interesting comments on the general subject of the methods practiced in christening war ships by breaking bottles of champagne on their prows. According to his experience, there are three ways of handling the bottle on such occasions. He describes one as the baseball method, in which the bottle is held like a bat and hurled against the side of the ship with a long, sweeping swing, with energy enough for a home run or a three-bagger at least. Another method is described as the tennis blow, in which the bottle is smashed against the prow with a full-arm serve. The admiral is quoted as saying that this method was used by the sponsor of the Colorado. The third method is described as the ping-pong style, and is a dainty little smash, sufficiently vivacious, however, to shatter the champagne on the hull, and sometimes on the fair operator also.

It is admitted that none of these methods is perfect and that failure is possible in each, though the nervousness of excitement of the operator, who, by a bad aim or lack of sufficient force, may fail to break the bottle and in that way spoil the whole proceedings. A failure of that kind might be disastrous to a ship, at least from a sentimental view point, and, as the sailors say, would "hoo-doo" that particular vessel. In one case, the sponsor delayed the blow until the descending ship got beyond her reach; but she was equal to the occasion, and by a well-directed throw managed to smash the bottle broadside on.

To avoid the possibility of such accidents, Admiral Bowles suggests the use of a device attached to the ship in such a way that when the young woman releases the bottle it is bound to strike against the prow of the ship with sufficient force to release its contents, and thus give the ship its maiden bath before it reaches its native element.—Washington Star.



The Suit is right or it isn't. If the clothes we sell are not right in every particular, we will not allow you to wear them out of the store.

It is no trouble to have a thing right. It troubles us to know that anything is wrong.

Suits \$8 to \$30

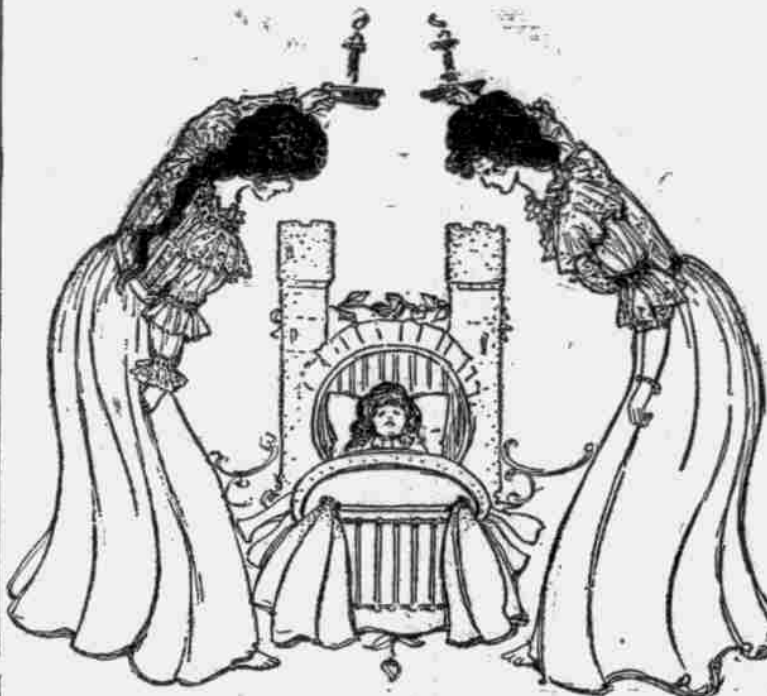
Straw Hats, Negligee Shirts and Summer Comforts of all kinds for Boys' and Men's Wear.

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IN THE NEW MUSIC DEPARTMENT, Saturday only, "Violets", by Roma; "Like a Star That Falls From Heaven", and "The Gambling Man", any of these 25c and 30c pieces for 15c.

## And Now To Cap the Climax!

All the "Mussed" Underwear, And All The Pieces Used In Window Trimming And Decoration On Sale, Saturday.



## Special Prices in Drug Store.

Woodbury's Facial Soap, 15c  
4711 White Rose and Glycerine Soap, 11c  
Packer's Tar Soap, 14c  
Apple Blossom Soap, 3 cakes for 10c  
Longfellow castile soap, 5c bar  
Mennen's Talcum, 11c  
Woodworth's 25c odors in bulk, 17c  
81c bottle of 7 Sutherland Sisters Hair Cleaner, 81c  
Gude's Pink Mangan, 17c  
Malline, any style, 69c  
Cokes' Dandruff Cure, 75c  
Canada Malt, 61c  
Sheffield's Dentifrice, 5c bottle  
Foster's Cough Remedy, 11c  
Peruna, 85c  
Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery, 72c  
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 79c  
Mottison's Seidlitz Powders, 18c  
100 2-grain Quinine Pills, 17c  
White Pine and Tar Syrup, 15c  
Caticura Ointment, 38c  
Wyeth's Lethia Tablets, 25c  
Hunyadi Janos, 22c  
Allcock's Plasters, 10c  
Brandreth's Pills, 15c  
Schenck's Pills, 19c  
Humphrey's Specifics, 19c  
Mellin's Food, large size, 55c  
Fletcher's Castoria, 25c  
Mother's Syrup, 55c  
Wampole's Cod Liver Oil, 69c  
Satin Skin Powder, 19c  
Patey's Cold Cream, 11c  
Fehr's Talcum Powder, Thursday only, 11c box  
Omega Oil, 39c  
Napier Pint bottle of Witch Hazel, 15c  
Listerized tooth powder, 14c  
Dentacura, 18c  
Socodont, small size, 15c  
Woodworth's face powder, 34c  
Bradley's Woodland Violet Talcum, 13c

## Manicuring—Shampooing.

In hot weather, the hair should be shampooed frequently, not only for cleanliness and comfort but for the good of the hair.

We do thorough and scientific shampooing in the Little French Corner.

The best manicuring done in this city is done by us—35c.

## Two Offers in Books at 5c and 15c.

This is good literature and it is certainly cheap. This is a chance to stock up for the summer trips that may not come again.

This first list is of 30c books, printed on good paper, with gilt tops with illustrations and bound in silk cloth. The price for Saturday's selling will be 15c each.

Origin of Species. 15c  
Longfellow's Poems. 15c  
Paul and Virginia. 15c  
Kidnapped. 15c  
Dolly Dialogues. 15c  
Drummond's Addresses. 15c  
Scarlet Letter. 15c  
The Pathfinder. 15c  
Twice Told Tales. 15c  
Lady of the Lake. 15c  
The Pioneers. 15c  
Cranford. 15c  
The Pleasures of Life. 15c  
Scottish Chiefs. 15c  
Pilgrim's Progress. 15c  
Homage to the Gods. 15c  
Mrs. Browning's Poems. 15c  
House of the Seven Gables. 15c

There are also 25 or 30 titles in a very neat paper-covered book, comprising most of the popular novels by Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. Alexander, A. Conan Doyle, Hugh Conway, Stanley J. Weyman and W. Clark Russell, from which you may choose Saturday, at only 5c a volume.

## The Best Box of Stationery in Town.

We have just added to our Stationery stock what be believe to be the best box of paper we have ever seen sold at the price.

It is manufactured expressly and exclusively for us and will be known as "English Batiste Linen."

It has a very fine textile finish, yet its surface is most agreeable to write on; the finest pointed pen will not catch in the fibre.

The envelopes are of the latest "Louvre" shape.

Colors are white, blue, gray, sapphire and heliotrope.

In order to get this paper favorably and quickly introduced, we will sell it for Friday and Saturday only at 19c a box.

THE EDW. MALLEY & CO.

## Very Important Notices!

On Saturday, a special demonstration will be made of our power in collecting and selling Shirt Waists. Details cannot be given here, but the values at 50c, 75c and \$1 have never been equalled, even by us.

On Saturday, also, a SPECIAL SALE OF FINE LACES will give you reductions of from ten to twenty-five per cent. in Black Cluny Insertion, All-over Antique Laces, Antique Insertions, Point de Venise Parasol Covers.

Saturday is the last day on which you may get \$1.75 Jouvin Gloves for \$1.50; \$1.50 and \$1.25 Gloves for \$1. and \$1. Monogram Gloves for 75c.

## Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets.

For Correctness of Style and Adaptability to the Figure Are Unsurpassed.



The most skillful designing, with the use of only the most "kneadable" fabrics, filled with a pliable boning, make the Warner Rust-Proof Models the most popular corsets made. Prices range from

\$1.00 to \$2.50 a Pair.

121. Average long skirt; dip hip and front; front and side supporters; Sateen, \$1.50  
221. Batiste, \$1.50  
747. Dip-Hip Girdle, with hose supporters, \$1.00  
847. Batiste; White, \$1.00

## Eyeglass Weather.

Lots of people who never know there is anything the matter with their eyes in cold weather, find the need of glasses more apparent when it turns warm.

The hot, enervating days seem to relax the whole system, and the eye-muscles and nervous relax too. If you have unexplained headaches in hot weather, better see your optician.

He is a thoroughly competent man and is daily satisfying and comforting the eyes of people who had never been able to get suited with glasses until they saw him.

## Portrait Medallions.

We don't know the report got started, but it seems to be understood that the Portrait Medallion offer had been withdrawn.

A mistake—it is still in force and going at full blast—And as the pretty, artistic pictures are circulated among our public, the demand for them gets faster and keener. Every woman who sees her neighbor's baby or mother or husband portrayed in these medallions wants one of her own baby or relative.

We give them FREE to every purchaser of ten dollar's worth of goods. And it is not necessary to purchase the \$10 worth at once or on any one day. Save your sales checks and let them accumulate.

## A child's shoe that wears.



## F. B. Q. Clothing at Clearance Prices.

These are broken lots and odd sizes, but there are so many of them that you can come with the full assurance of finding a fit in something you want.

The garments are of the F. B. Q. kind—and if you haven't yet learned the difference between the F. B. Q. clothing and other kinds, it's time you did.

\$10 Homespun Suits, hand moulded collars and hand-made buttonholes, for \$8.  
\$12.50 Suits in Homespun and Cassimere, Fancy Mixtures and Cheviots, for \$12.50.  
\$20, \$22 and \$25 Suits in Fancy Worsteds, Homespuns and Invisible Plaids, finest examples of the finest clothing made in this country, for \$18.

## CHILDREN'S SUITS.

\$5 Suits for \$3.50; \$6 Suits for \$4; Norfolk and double-breasted Suits, regularly \$3 to \$7.50, reduced to \$2 and \$5.

## YOUTHS' SUITS.

In sizes for ages 15 to 20 yrs. \$9.50 Suits for \$7; \$10 Suits for \$8.50; \$12 Suits for \$10.

## Underwear for this Weather—Bargains!

Let the thermometer, not the calendar, govern you in your change of underwear. What's the use of sweltering through these days in heavy woollens when the lighter, cooler kinds are on sale here at prices like these?

Men's 39c Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers at 29c; the 50c grade at 38c; other special values in wool and silk.

Women's 38c Lisle Vests for 25c and 38c lace-trimmed knee drawers for 25c.

Women's cobweb gauze lace lisle hose, 38c quality for 25c.